Lucid Dreams

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/56938855.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Underage Sex
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Gravity Falls
Relationships:	Ford Pines/Stan Pines, Bill Cipher & Ford Pines
Characters:	Bill Cipher, Ford Pines, Stan Pines
Additional Tags:	Incest, Brother/Brother Incest, Twincest, Implied/Referenced Sex, Wet Dream, Mindscape Sex (Gravity Falls), Ford Pines Has Issues, Young Stan Pines, Jealousy, there's no billford here; their relationship is strictly business, POV Bill Cipher
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-06-26 Words: 2,262 Chapters: 1/1

Lucid Dreams

by fractured_hourglass

Summary

Bill hates being the middleman for Ford's weird sexual fantasies. Still, he couldn't argue with the results, and if conjuring an apparition of the man's teenage brother is what it takes to get him back on track with the portal, who is he to refuse?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

"C-Can you, um. You know?"

Stanford's voice was shaky and unsure. He picked at his fingernails nervously. Bill scoffed from his spot on the floating chair he materialized in Ford's mindscape.

Seriously, you'd think after all the times Ford had asked this of him, he'd stop being so damn bashful about it. Maybe it was a defense mechanism, something to make it seem like he genuinely felt ashamed of his desires.

But Bill knew Ford's mind inside and out. He knew that wasn't the case. Any normal person would've been wracked with disgust and guilt at the thought of begging a demon to whip up wet dreams of their estranged sibling on a regular basis.

Well. Bill didn't choose Ford as his pawn because he was *normal.*

"Yeesh, Fordsie. This is the fourth night this week. Feelin' homesick, are we?"

In his time spent exploring Ford's mind, Bill had gotten to know him well. He'd witnessed Ford's darkest memories, his deepest secrets. Beatings from his father, torment from childhood bullies, failed attempts at impressing girls. Bill had seen it all.

He'd also seen more than his fair share of Stanley Pines.

Hidden within the walls of Ford's subconscious was an endless corridor that housed memories of Stanford's twin. Ford being protected by Stan, exploring the beach with Stan, fixing up some dumb boat with Stan. Fights with Stan, late-night talks with Stan, loving him, hating him.

Pinning Stan to their bunk bed and kissing him.

Sucking Stan off in the backseat of the younger twin's car.

Rutting against him desperately until both teenagers came in their boxers.

Taking Stan's virginity.

Bill had been unfazed by these revelations. Human taboos didn't interest him much, and if you asked him, they got their panties in a bunch over some pretty mundane stuff. He's been around for literal eons and visited countless dimensions; two identical twin brothers having a little childhood hanky-panky was pretty low on his list of things that shocked him.

What *did* shock him, however, was when the now-adult Stanford first brought up the possibility of Bill "aiding" him in his sleep.

Sex wasn't a foreign concept to him, of course, and neither was one of his pawns asking him for sexual favors. What was surprising was that it was *Stanford Pines* asking this of him, quite possibly the most sexless twenty-something recluse Bill had ever encountered.

Prior to this arrangement, Ford hadn't so much as jerked off, as far as Bill had seen. Too busy with his studies, his equations, his anomalies, his precious research. It was one of the reasons the brainiac's mind had been so enticing in the first place. There was no room for the usual human weaknesses Bill had put up with in other hosts.

Ford's emotional turmoil was buried under layers and layers of suppression, any trauma or heartbreak he endured crushed beneath the weight of his goal of worldwide recognition. No relationship drama, no sexual urges. Hell, even basic necessities like personal hygiene, eating, and sleeping fell to the wayside when Ford really got into his work.

Which is why Bill's eye had widened when Ford awkwardly brought it up during a game of interdimensional chess.

"I've been meaning to ask you something," the scientist had said, coughing into his hand.

"What's on your mind, smart guy? Besides me, obviously."

Ford rolled his eyes as he made his move. A bad one, Bill noticed. He was distracted.

"Yes, well, um. You...You can do anything in this space, correct?"

Bill had quirked his brow, almost offended.

"You really have to ask me that at this point?"

Two six-fingered hands were raised in mock-surrender, Ford waving them back and forth.

"No, no, I didn't mean—I'm not doubting your abilities, Bill," he'd huffed, frustrated. The look on his face told Bill he wasn't in the mood for any back-and-forth.

When they'd first met, Stanford was submissive and scared, yet completely awe-stricken. Like some kind of fanboy. It stroked Bill's ego deliciously. All he had to do was call Ford "smart," call his theories "revolutionary," and it was like he could mold and shape him into whatever he wanted the man to be.

Over time, Ford had grown used to Bill in a way that more closely resembled an exasperated spouse. There was never any romance between them, no genuine comradery, as neither had the time or interest to pursue such frivolities. They were amicable "partners", sure, but at the end of the day, Ford hadn't summoned Bill for *friendship.*

They existed in each other's lives as a means to an end. For Ford, it was becoming a world-renowned scientist, hailed for his incredible discoveries, ones that he definitely made entirely on his own without the help of an omniscient deity, that's for sure.

And for Bill, it was complete control over this dimension, though Stanford didn't need to know that part yet.

"Spit it out then, IQ. You're gonna lose this game, anyway," Bill had groused with a yawn.

That's when Ford explained that he'd been having trouble focusing on the portal, that certain thoughts of a certain *someone* kept plaguing him, and Bill didn't need to ask who that person was.

*"Miss your brother, eh? Or do ya...*miss *your brother?"*

He wiggled his brow suggestively, and the red tinting Ford's cheeks gave him his answer, despite the man's embarrassed silence.

"Though, I gotta give it to ya straight, kid. I got a strict policy against sleeping with coworkers. I mean, I'm flattered. But that's not really my cup of cosmic tea, you get me?"

Ford gave him a look mixed with shock and disgust.

"What on earth...? No, I wasn't—!" He ran a hand through his unruly curls, irritated that his request had been misconstrued. If Bill had any feelings for Stanford, such a reaction probably would've stung.

Good thing Bill had bigger fish to fry.

"Bill, I wasn't asking you *to—to do that with me. Just...if you could, uh. Create him for me? In here?"*

So Bill had obliged, given the desperate, sleep-deprived weirdo his very own Dream Stan to fool around with. Stanford assured him it would be a "one-time thing", just to get it out of his system, but they both knew that had been a lie.

One time turned into two turned into a weekly routine. Whenever Ford was too wound up, too snippy, too distracted by his straining friendship with Fiddleford or his feelings for his brother that wouldn't leave him no matter how hard he tried, out came Dream Stan in all his pimply, baby-faced glory to set Ford back on track.

This is what lead them here tonight, in Ford's mindscape. Ford looked up at him expectantly, waiting for Bill to roll his eye and make Stan appear with a tired wave of his hand.

Truthfully, he hated being used as a middleman for the twenty-six-year-old's fantasies, but even he couldn't argue with the results. Stanford was so studious and focused, so agreeable and *obedient* after a night with Dream Stan that Bill had a hard time denying his request.

An idea came to him, then. One they hadn't tried yet, one Ford probably wouldn't approve of, but Bill had a hypothesis of his own he wanted to test.

Plus, it was fun messing with Ford.

"Knock yourself out, kid," he said with a snap of his fingers.

Ford's face relaxed immediately, and he eyed the wisps of fog forming in front of him eagerly. However, when the smoke cleared, his brows furrowed in confusion.

"Uh, Bill?" He asked, his tone barely suppressing his impatience.

The person Bill had created was indeed Stanley Pines, though not the one Ford was used to. This was a much older, much more tattered Stan, one that had been through nearly a decade of hard times living on the street.

This Stan was current, an adult the same age as Ford.

Gone were his pubescent features, his youthful skin now marred by wrinkles, dark circles, and scars. His hair was ratty and greasy, unlikely to have been washed in god knew how long.

His outfit was revealing, much *too* revealing if the horrified look on Ford's face was any indication, his cut-offs exposing thick thighs littered with bruises and love bites that had been left by mouths *not* belonging to Ford.

"What—What *is* this?"

Stanford had finally found his voice, and oh, he was *furious.* Bill couldn't hold back his giggle.

"This is your brother, Sixer! Thought you might wanna go for somethin' different this time. Maybe give you a chance to only break *one* law in this big brain of yours, you know? What do ya think?"

Ford's hardened eyes were glued to his brother's neck, where a sizable set of teeth marks had been imprinted in his skin. He shot Bill an icy glare.

"This isn't Stanley," he said stubbornly, crossing his arms like a child.

The poor bastard. He really had no idea.

"Hate to break it to ya, buddy, but it is," Bill countered. Ford just shook his head.

"No, no, it can't be. Stanley isn't—he would never—"

"Maybe not back then," Bill interrupted, before jutting a thumb in Stan's direction, "But like it or not, this is what he looks like now. I get it, kid, it's a tough pill to swallow. But nine years is a long time! People change—"

"I don't *care!"* Ford spat, eyes wide and angry. "This isn't what I asked for, Bill! Just"—he closed his eyes and took a deep inhale through his nose, trying his damndest to compose himself—"just stick to the version of him I remember. Please."

The last word was tacked on as an afterthought, spoken through gritted teeth. God, humans were so laughably easy to toy with.

"Alright, alright, jeez! Suit yourself," Bill said with a shrug. He rubbed his hands together as he prepared to conjure the version of Stanley Ford preferred. The one who would do anything for his brother without question, who doted on him, shielded him from the angry fists of

bullies and their father. The one who was still convinced they'd spend the rest of their lives together.

"One underaged high school delinquent for the grown man pushing thirty, comin' up!"

The daggers Ford was glaring at him were amusing, but short-lived. Bill saw them melt as soon as the man laid eyes on his seventeen-year-old brother.

"Stanley," he sighed, his voice full of fondness and longing.

Sometimes, Bill would deliberately manifest a teen Stan that was inaccurate, just for fun. He wanted to see how much of an obsessive creep Ford really was, so he'd produce a Stan with clear skin, or blue eyes, or a bruise in the wrong spot, make his stomach too flat, his fingers too skinny.

Ford would stutter out an anxious correction every time. It was funny watching him squirm, obviously uncomfortable with implying Bill was ever *wrong* about anything, yet too stubborn to settle for a Stanley that was less-than-perfect.

Bill didn't bother with those games this time, though. He'd already had his fun, and at this point, all he wanted was for Ford to get his primitive human flesh ritual over with so he could get back to working on the portal.

"Thank you, Bill," Ford said meekly, giving his brother a lustful once-over. "I apologize for my behavior. As always, your power is quite impressive."

What a pathetic man, crumbling so quickly at the chance to indulge in his freaky little fantasies. Bill waved his hand nonchalantly.

"Yeah, yeah. I'm the greatest. Anyway, why don'tcha let me take the wheel for a bit while you get your illusory rocks off, huh? I'll have some new blueprints drawn up before you even cum in his—"

"A-Alright, sure! That's fine!" Ford interjected hastily. "Now please, leave us."

With that, Bill faded from Ford's mindscape just as Dream Stan was guiltily coughing up some excuse on why he'd been at the beach with Carla McCorkle.

Bill recognized it from one of Ford's memories, where he'd caught the real Stan feeling up a girl from their class in Stan's car. Ford had waited patiently in their shared bedroom, hurt and seething, for Stan to come home. When he did, Ford made sure to remind his brother who he belonged to. By the end of the night, Stan was moaning Ford's name as if it were the only word he knew how to say, his body marked with possessive red and purple blotches.

"Aw, did seein' your bro all grown up get ya hot under the collar, Fordsie?"

Bill, now in control of Stanford's body, chuckled as he stared down at the empty coffee pot and scattered notes on Ford's desk. He grabbed a cheap university pen and began fixing some of Ford's schematics to better suit access to the nightmare dimension.

When Bill was at the helm on these angry, passionate nights, he'd feel Ford's hard-on straining against his khakis more painfully than ever, before an eruption of pleasure shot through him as Ford came in his pants without warning. In the grand scheme of things, human orgasms weren't anything special. Anything sexual he could've felt from Ford's body paled in comparison to the euphoria he'd be feeling once the portal was complete and he liberated this dimension.

But as he sat there in Ford's chair an hour later, head tilted back, chest heaving, pants sticky and damp with the man's gratuitous release, he conceded that he couldn't complain *too* much.

End Notes

my very first gravity falls fic and naturally, it's stancest lol. hope you enjoyed!!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!